

“CLIFFED”

Stamp
Stamped on a Shoe
Mass. Standard of Mail

keep a full supply of all desirable styles, in every size and width, for man, woman or child.

For this Week

I OFFER LINER OF BOYS' AND GIRLS' SHOES THAT WEAR WELL, FIT WELL, AND LOOK WELL, AT PRICES FAR BELOW ANY OTHER DEALER FOR SIMILAR GRADES.

MISSSES' SOOLMA KID,

Spring Heel, Hand-Sewed Welt Button Shoes,

Widths A, B, C, D, E.
Sizes 11 to 2.

\$2.00



MISSSES' CALF "TROTTER"
SPRING-HEEL SCHOOL SHOES, in widths A, B, C, D, \$1.50

CHILDREN'S BOOZMA KID,
SPRING-HEEL, HAND-
SHEWED WELT BUTTON
SHOES, widths A, B, C, D, E,
sizes 5 to 10H **\$1.50**

CHILDREN'S CALF "TROT-
TER," SPRING-HEEL,
SCHOOL SHOES, in widths A,
B, C, D, E, sizes 5 to 10H **\$1.25**

Boys' Veal Calf Seamless Shoes,
in Button and Lace,
Widths B, C, D, E,
Sizes 2 1/2 to 8 1/2.
\$1.75.



**BOYS' Calf HAND-SEWED
WEIT SHOES, IN BUTON
AND LACE, in widths B, C, D,
E, sizes 2½ to 8½.....** **\$2.50**

**YOUTH'S VEAL CALF SEAM-
LESS SHOES, IN BUTON
AND LACE, in widths B, C, D,
E, sizes 11 to 2.....** **\$1.50**

**YOUTH'S Calf HAND-
SEWED WEIT SHOES, IN
BUTON AND LACE, in widths
B, C, D, E, sizes 11 to 2.....** **\$2.00**

Tennis, Bicycle & Cutting Shoes
of Every Description
AT REDUCED RATES
I have no agencies or branch stores. My
Shoes cannot be purchased of any
other dealer.

A.J. CAMMEYER
Sixth Avenue, cor. 12th st.

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10,000 People**
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THE WORLD
UPTOWN OFFICE,
1267 Broadway,
 near 31st St.

Open Every Day in the Year
Till 10 P. M.

"We'll share it," grinned Dawson.
"You can get wet."

"The rain's not much," she faltered, it was now pouring. With a muttered oath, Dawson snatched the umbrella from her. Lydia shrieked and ran away like a frightened rabbit—ran at the top of her speed up the street again.

"Dear Miss Lovelock," exclaimed Dawson, holding up a paper to the "unhappily" as he did so there was a thud on the pavement—two, three thuds. In amazement, I looked down. There lay a silver cigarette case, two purses and a gold watch. I burst into a loud, unbecoming laughter as he pointed at Lydia's retreating figure. That girl could run.

For a moment I stood dumbfounded, staring after a revelation of the truth. I was glad that a revelation had come, chuckled in satisfaction. Sadly I stooped down and picked up the purses, the cigarette case and the watch.

"Great Scott!" I cried, and my hand flew to my waistcoat pocket.

It was my watch.

I did not prosecute Lydia because I could not have overruled her, and for other reasons. It was altogether too late to start a quarrel with her, and I was making a discovery. Dawson, however, observed that it seemed to him an excellent example of poetic justice in real